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Malone

D. 3.

SHAKSPEARE.



THE
HANDY-VOLUME



SHAKSPEARE.



VOL.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

KING JOHN.



BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO.,

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord; CHRISTOPHER SLY, a *Tinker*; Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants, } *Characters in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, a *rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, an *old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in *love with Bianca.*

PETRUCIO, a *gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO, an *old gentleman, a suitor to Bianca.*

HORTENSIO, a *suitor to Bianca.*

TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO, }
CURTIS, } *Servants to Petrucio.*

Pedant, an *old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

KATHARINA, the *shrew, daughter to Baptista.*

BIANCA, daughter to Baptista, and *younger sister to Katharina.*

A *Widow.*

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petrucio.

SCENE, — *Sometimes in PADUA, and sometimes in PETRUCIO's House in the Country.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.



INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!

Sly. No, not a denier: go by,—Jeronimy!—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit.]*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd ;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See,
doth he breathe ?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord : were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine
he lies !

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image !

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—*What is it your honour will command ?*
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—*Will't please your lordship cool your hands ?*

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease :
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*]

'Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :

[*Exit Servant.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;

Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

I Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain
ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exeunt Servant and Players.]

[To a Servant.] Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew,
my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber,

And call him—*madam*, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—*What is't your honour will command,*
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift ;
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from
 laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship : I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than

backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What ! would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath ; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What ! I am not bestraught : here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :
Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say, thou wilt walk : we will bestrew the ground :
 Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will
 soar

Above the morning lark : or wilt thou hunt ?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds
 are as swift

As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch
 thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her
 breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;
 And how she was beguiled and surprised,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
 wood ;
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
 bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed
 for thee,
 Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
 And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash
 your hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restored !
 O, that once more you knew but what you are !
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
 Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly
 nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
 quarts :

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
 such maid ;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
 And twenty more such names and men as these
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good
 amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband ?

My men should call me lord ; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet :
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will : let them play. Is not a commony a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord : it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't :

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.]



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.**Lucentio.*

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
 I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My trusty servant, well approved in all ;
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue 'specially to be achieved.
 Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself ;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
 Music and poesy use to quicken you ;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves
 you :

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to
 town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
 HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know :
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder :
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather : she's too rough for
 me :

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. [to BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;

I wis, it is not half way to her heart :

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ! here is some good pastime toward ;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ; it is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company ;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*aside.*] Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear
Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief. 26

Gre. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit BIANCA.]*

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May
I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly
out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:
—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I
can by any means light on a fit man to teach her
that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her
father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word,
I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it
toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have
access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals

in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil : think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca !—Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. I am agreed : and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]

Tra. *[advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely ;

But see ! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness :
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl :
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
 Affection is not rated from the heart :
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
 so,—

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward, this contents ;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how
 her sister

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
 trance.

I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
 stands :—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,

That, till the father rids his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
 But art thou not advised, he took some care
 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid :
 That's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your
 part,
 And be in Padua here, Vincentio's son ?
 Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his
 friends ;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta* ; content thee ; for I have it full.
 We have not yet been seen in any house ;
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man or master ; then it follows thus ;—
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should :
 I will some other be ; some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, .

And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your father charged me at our parting :
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
 And let me be a slave, t'achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
 eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
 been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now,
 where are you ? Master, has my fellow Tranio
 stolen your clothes ? or you stolen his ? or both ?
 pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to
 jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his ;
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life ;
 You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;
 Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so
 too !

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
 wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;

To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*]

(*The Presenters above speak.*)

I Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely,

Comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.

'Would 'twere done ! [They sit and mark.

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approvèd friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Grm. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grm. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grm. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Grm. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto*,

Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grm. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens ! Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?*—And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petrucio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceased ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
we

Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrew'd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas ;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
what his mind is : why, give him gold enough
and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ;
or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,
though she have as many diseases as two-and-
fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

Hor. Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrew'd, and froward : so beyond all mea-
sure,

That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ; thou know'st not
gold's effect :
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman ;
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
 her ;

And he knew my deceased father well :
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her :
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
 humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew
 him as well as I do, she would think scolding
 would do little good upon him. She may, per-
 haps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why,
 that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in
 his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she
 stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in
 her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she
 shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat :
 you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee ;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
 And her withholds from me, and other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehearsed,)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me
 grace;
 And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca :
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GRUMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
 books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile
 the old folks, how the young folks lay their
 heads together ! Master, master, look about
 you : who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; it is the rival of my
 love :—
 Petrucio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !
[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well : I have perused the note.
 Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
 All books of love, see that at any hand ;
 And see you read no other lectures to her :
 You understand me :—over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess :—take your papers
 too,
 And let me have them very well perfumed ;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go to. What will you read to
 her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for
 you,
 As for my patron, (stand you so assured,)
 As firmly as yourself were still in place :

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning ! what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum !—God save you, signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you,

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca ;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds
shall prove.

Gru. [*aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our
love ;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. [*aside.*] Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. [*aside.*] For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. [*aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—
is't he you mean ?

Tra. Even he.—Biondello !

Gre. Hark you, sir ; you mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have
you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's
away.

Luc. [*aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or
no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if, without more words, you will
get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as
free

For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hor-
tensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have :
 And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove
 a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these
 words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath
 two ;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in
 sooth ;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man,
 Until the elder sister first be wed :
 The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
 An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do con-
 ceive ;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows,
let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it
so ;—

Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bianca.

GOOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other
gauds,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,

I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest : is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :
I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows
this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding, of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
venged. [Flies after *BIANCA.*

Bap. What, in my sight ?—*Bianca,* get thee in.
[Exit *BIANCA.*

Kath. What, will you not suffer me ? Nay,
now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I ?
But who comes here ?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio : God save you, gentlemen !

Pet. And you, good sir ! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio ; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he for your good sake :

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her ;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name ; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I knew him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to* TRANIO], methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ; That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister :
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa : by report
I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HORTENSIO] the lute, and you [*to*
LUCENTIO] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters ; and tell them
both,

These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HOR., LUC., and BRON.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you,
father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for
winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou
look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to
the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute
to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with
them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;
 While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
 And twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile
 terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
 O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so dis-
 comfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petrucio, will you go with us :
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—
[Exeunt BAP., GRE., TRA., and HOR.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
 Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew ;
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
 As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be mar-
 ried :—

But here she comes ; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved ! in good time : let him that
moved you hither

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee :
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should buz !

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard
take thee ?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are
too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and
sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing cour-
teous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
mand.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :

And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)

Thou must be married to no man but me ;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petrucio : how speed you
with my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ?
in your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now I promise
you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the
world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;

If she be curst, it is for policy:
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petrucio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day:

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petrucio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PET. and KATH. severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear
as I.

Tra. Gray-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
 To house, or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me :
 I am my father's heir, and only son ;
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
 What ! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
 My land amounts not to so much in all :
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
 What ! have I choked you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no
 less

Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all ; I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have.
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all
 the world,
 By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best ;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved :—
 On Sunday next you know
 My daughter Katharine is to be married :
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
 If not, to signior Gremio :
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear
 thee not ; [Exit.]

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
 Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
 hide !

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
 'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
 I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
 Must get a father call'd—supposed Vincentio ;
 And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
 Do get their children : but, in this case of wooing,
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[Exit.]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.*Lucentio.***I**DDLER, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.*Luc.* Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. [to *BIANCA.*] You'll leave his lecture
when I am in tune? [*Retires.*]

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois: hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. [returning.] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear:— [*HORTENSIO Plays.*]
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it;
Hac ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt :
 But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [to LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and
 give me leave awhile ;
 My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
 [*Aside.*] And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art ;
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reads.*]

Gamat I am, the ground of all accord,
 A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;
 B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
 C fa ut, that loves with all affection :
 D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;
 E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :
 Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
 your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must
be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA and Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's
House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. [*to* TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is
the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest at-
tends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth,
be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at
leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :

And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;

Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though !

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;

For such an injury would vex a saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petrucio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what :—to thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless ; with two broken points : his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred : besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; ne'er legg'd before ; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots ; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel ; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd,

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petrucio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petrucio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to
hear :

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress ;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate ? I stay too long from her ;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes ;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry
her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha'
done with words ;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad
attire :

We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit*

Tra. But, sir, to love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
We'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom
indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a devil, a devil, the devil's
dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; when the priest

Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book :

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest ;

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose
again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he
stamp'd, and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :—*A health*, quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm :—quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming :

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepared great store of wedding cheer ;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner,

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have
 eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
 For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :
 'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee be not
 angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?
 Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
 dinner :

I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with
thieves ;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride
and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast ;
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's
 place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
 it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
 let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio.

IE, fie, on all tired jades ! on all mad
 masters ! and all foul ways ! Was ever
 man so beaten ? was ever man so rayed ?
 was ever man so weary ? I am sent
 before to make a fire, and they are coming after
 to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot,
 and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my
 teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my
 heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to
 thaw me :—but, I, with blowing the fire, shall
 warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a
 taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho !
 Curtis !

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou

mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack, boy! ho, boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding

garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsey with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things is ready : how near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this : and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence !—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse ?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

All Serv. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

Pet. *Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !*

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms !

What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Gru. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain ! you whoreson malt-horse drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel ;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

[Sings.] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; when?

[*Sings.*] It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some
water? [A bason is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd
knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What is this? mutton?

I Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

I Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these !—Where is the rascal cook ?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :
[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves !
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried
away ;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]

Nath. [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the
like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her :
And rails, and swears, and rates ; that she, poor
soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty :
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat :
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
 not ;

As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
 That all is done in reverend care of her ;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 humour :

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
 Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would en-
treat :

Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long loved
me,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HOR.—LUC. and BIAN. advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love :
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both
forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-
school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there
such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the
master ;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
long
That I am dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ? you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther ; and as far as Rome ;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
 Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
 (For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
 'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
 You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
 For I have bills for money by exchange
 From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
 This will I do, and this I will advise you:
 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of
 him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
 In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*aside.*] As much as an apple doth an
 oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
 This favour will I do you for his sake;
 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
 That you are like to sir Vincentio.
 His name and credit shall you undertake,
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
 Look, that you take upon you as you should;
 You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
 Till you have done your business in the city:
 If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter
 good.

This, by the way, I let you understand ;
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petrucio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat :
 How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, with a dish of meat ; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amot ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lov'st it not ;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof :
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petrucio, fie ! you are to blame :
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house ;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
A velvet dish ;—fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy ;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [*aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak ;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe :
Your betters have endured me say my mind ;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break ;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carved like an apple tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. [*aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir :
I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
able :

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet
of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest,
Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou :
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread !
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived ; the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be
made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved many
men ; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor
braved. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut
out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to
pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown ;*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again : and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it !

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life : take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for :

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !
O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. [*aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the
tailor paid :—

Go, take it hence ; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit* Tailor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :
And therefore frolic ; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse :
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone :

I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the
sun. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that
I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any
case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : but, sir, here comes your
boy ;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at
Venice ;

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to
drink.

Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance,
sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—
[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told
you of :

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to
like

No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me
well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best

We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you
know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still :
And, haply, there we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir.
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well : Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife !

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer ;
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me
here behind, to expound the meaning or moral
of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell : expect !—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance : take you assurance of her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum* : to the church ;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented : She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name ; once more
toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight
now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd and cross'd : nothing but
cross'd !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come
so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
sun :

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pa. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl
 should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias.
 But soft ! Company is coming here !

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[*To VINCENTIO.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress : where away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks ?
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,
 and sweet,

Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pa. Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art
 not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green :

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pa. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal,
 make known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed
me,

My name is call'd Vincentio ; my dwelling Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : wonder not,
Nor be not grieved ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and VIN.*]

Hor. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow ! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exit LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [to VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [seeing BIONDELLO.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!
[*Exit from the window.*]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name:

I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer. [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucen-
tio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be halèd and abused.
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?
 [BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.]

Bian. [kneeling.] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended ?
 Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
 Right son unto the right Vincentio ;
 That have by marriage made thy daughter
 mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive
 us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
 That faced and braved me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
 love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
 While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
 And happily I have arrived at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss :

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to ;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
 have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir ?—[To LUCENTIO.]
 Have you married my daughter without asking
 my good-will ?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content
 you : go to : but I will in, to be revenged for
 this villany. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this
 knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will
 not frown. [Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Gre. My cake is dough : but I'll in among
the rest ;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
[*Exit.*]

PETRUCIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end
of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street ?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir ; God forbid :—but ashamed to
kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again :—come,
sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet
Kate ;
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
agree ;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit
down;

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt ? a hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me ; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tran. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something cur-
rish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
self;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a
bay.

Bap. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for
assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content: what is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all my-
self.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.*Pet.* How ! she's busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.*Pet.* I hope, better.*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my
wifeTo come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]*Pet.* O, ho ! entreat her !
Nay, then she must needs come.*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now where's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in
hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.*Pet.* Worse and worse ; she will not come !
O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured !

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress ;

Say I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]*Hor.* I know her answer.*Pet.* What ?*Hor.* She will not.*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.*Enter KATHARINA.**Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Ka-
tharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy ?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio !

The wager thou hast won ; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns !

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my
duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind
brow ;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
buds ;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband :
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
 I am ashamed, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
 But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
 pare,—
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least
 are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands below your husbands' foot :
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease !

Pet. Why, there's a wench !—Come on, and
 kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad ; for thou
 shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are
 toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
 froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed :—
 We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To LUCENTIO.] 'Twas I won the wager, though
you hit the white ;

And, being a winner, God give you good night !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a
curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tamed so. [Exeunt.]

ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Divers young French Lords who serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward,

Clown,

A Page,

} *Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA,

MARIANA,

} *Neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE,—*Partly in FRANCE, and partly in TUSCANY.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.*

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury
a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam,
weep o'er my father's death anew ;
but I must attend his majesty's com-
mand, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in
subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so gene-
rally is at all times good must of necessity hold
his virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir
it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where
there is such abundance.

Countess. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Countess. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Countess. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam ; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly : he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of ?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon ?

Countess. His sole child, my lord ; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises : her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too : in her

they are the better for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Countess. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more ; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead ; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ?

Countess. Be thou bless'd, Bertram ! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape ! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Countess. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*]

Ber. [to HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance
more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him; my imagination

Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake

And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. 'Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't: within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—[You're for the court:]

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him
well !—

The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ; which
never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive
it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,

Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father : in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, no contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awaked them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below
him

He used as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;
So in a proof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him ! He would
always say,
(Methinks I hear him now : his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*Let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
*Expire before their fashions :—*This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir :
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't,
count,
Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living I would try him yet ;—
Lend me an arm ;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications :—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[Exeunt. Flourish]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Countess. I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours : for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Countess. What does this knave here ? Get you gone, sirrah : the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe ; 'tis my slowness that I do not : for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Countess. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor ; though many of the rich are damned : but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Countess. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Countess. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage : and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body ; for, they say, bairns are blessings.

Countess. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it : I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Countess. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Countess. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Countess. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Countess. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage : for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Countess. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Countess. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Countess. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. [*singing.*]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy ?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Countess. What, one good in ten ? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. 'Would God would serve the world so all the year ! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson : one in ten, quoth a' ! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one.

Countess. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you !

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done !—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black

gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth ; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Countess. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Countess. Faith, I do : her father bequeathed her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid ; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins ; that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Countess. You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Countess. Even so it was with me when I was young :

If ever we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong :

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Countess. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Countess. Nay, a mother ;

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in *mother*
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Countess. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is : and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Countess. Nor I your mother? *

Hed. You are my mother, madam. 'Would
you were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—Or were you both our
mothers.

I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Countess. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law :

God shield, you mean it not! *daughter*, and
mother.

So strive upon your pulse : what, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Countess. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Countess. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Countess. Go not about ; my love hath in't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note : come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son :—

My friends were poor but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Countess. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hd. Madam, I had.

Countess. Wherefore? tell true.

Hd. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Countess. This was your motive for Paris, was it? speak.

Hd. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Countess. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hd. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
 By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
 honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
 By such a day and hour.

Countess. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Countess. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
 leave and love,
 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
 Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave
 for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and
 Attendants.*

King.

FAREWELL, young lord, these warlike
 principles
 Do not throw from you :—and you, my
 lord, farewell :—
 Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
 And is enough for both.

I Lord.

It is our hope, sir,

After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand ; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [*Exit.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable ; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with,

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with ! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices !

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

What will you do ?

Ber. Stay ; the king.

Re-enter KING.

Par. [*to BER.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu ; be more expressive to them : for they wear themselves in the cap of the time ; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt BER. and PAR.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,

With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,

To give Great Charlemain a pen in's hand

And write to her a love-line.

King. What *her* is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She; my lord, there's one arrived,

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her

(For that is her demand) and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears ; I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together : fare you well.
[Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business fol-
low us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises to-
wards him ;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics ; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grate-
ful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I
give,

As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods
have flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well,
kind maid ;

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows.
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent :
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what
space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgèd shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; nor worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak ;
His powerful sound within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly
hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served ;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to
trust ;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Countess. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you
to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly
taught : I know my business is but to the court.

Countess. To the court ? why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt—But to the court ?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court :
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his
hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands,
lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say
precisely, were not for the court : but for me, I
have an answer will serve all men.

Countess. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all
buttocks ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,
the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Countess. Will your answer serve fit to all
questions ?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an
attorney, as your French crown for your taffata
punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a
pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-
day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his
thorn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave,

as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Countess. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : ask me if I am a courtier : it shall do you no harm to learn.

Countess. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. *O Lord, sir!*—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. *O Lord, sir!*—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. *O Lord, sir!*—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. *O Lord, sir!*—Spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir!* at your whipping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir!* is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my *O Lord, sir!*—I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Countess. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Why, there't serves well again.

Countess. An end, sir: to your business.
Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Countess. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Countess. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right : as 'twere a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—what do you call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it : I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. *Lustick*, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head : why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre !* Is not this Helen ?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use : thy frank election make ;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well ;
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—

We blush, that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,

*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.*

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive.
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would
send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*to a Lord*] Be not afraid that I your
hand should take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her : sure they are bastards to the English ;
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*to BERTRAM.*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell us, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be
said ?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm
glad ;

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not
know

It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and
hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak ! thine answer !

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the
king,

Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,
and Attendants.]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with
you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. *Recantation?*—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay: is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one: and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! —Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars !
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home ;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions !
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so : I'll send her to my house ;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak : his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong : but, hush ! 'tis
so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.**Enter HELENA and Clown.*

Hd. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hd. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hd. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hd. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on : and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of

your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave ; that's before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night :
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true : I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes ; I pray you, make us friends ; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*to BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well : ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses ; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well ; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hd. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave

For present parting ; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular : prepared I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat
you,

That presently you take your way for home ;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you :
For my respects are better than they seem ;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my
mother :

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hd. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hd. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great : farewell ; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—
'faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. [Exit HELENA.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

Par.

Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended;
two French Lords, and Soldiers.**Duke.*

SO that, from point to point, now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood
let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

1 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
Between two soldiers and my young lady.

Countess. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so
soon as I thought he would.

Countess. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
hear he does: the danger is in standing to't;
that's the loss of men, though it be the getting
of children. Here they come will tell you more:
for my part, I only hear your son was run away.
[*Exit.*]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Countess. Think upon patience.—'Pray you,
gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't:—where is my son, I
pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for, thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,
which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten
of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband :
but in such a *then* I write a *never*.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Countess. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Countess. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : he was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he ?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Countess. And to be a soldier ?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Countess. Return you thither ?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. [*reads.*]

Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

Countess. Find you that there ?

Hd.

Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which his heart was not consenting to.*Countess.* Nothing in France, until he have
no wife !

There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she : and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with
him ?

1 Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.*Countess.* Parolles, was't not ?*1 Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.*Countess.* A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.*Countess.* You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.*2 Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.*Countess.* Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies.

Will you draw near ?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]*Hd.* Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :
My being here it is that holds thee hence :
Shall I stay here to do 't ? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all : I will be gone ;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall
prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Countess. Alas! and would you take the letter
of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has
done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [reads.]

I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify ;
 His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
 I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
 He is too good and fair for death and me ;
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Countess. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
 mildest words !—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
 As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she
 writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Countess.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
 hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife :
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger :—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return ; and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done
most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander ; and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost
our labour : they are gone a contrary way : hark !
you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl : the honour of a
maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one
Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those sugges-
tions for the young earl.—Beware of them,
Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths,
tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the
things they go under : many a maid hath been
seduced by them ; and the misery is, example,
that so terrible shows in the wreck of maiden-
hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,

but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house : thither they send one another : I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry is't.—Hark you, they come this way :—

[A march afar off.]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged ;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon : know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him :

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I wot, good creature, wheresoe'er she
is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might
do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife : if he were honest
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome
gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these passes ; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarf : why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something.
Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !
[*Exeunt BERT., PAR., Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is pass'd. Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you
Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both.

We'll take your offer kindly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him ; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy : we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall sup-

pose no other but that he is carried into the lea-
guer of the adversaries, when we bring him to
our own tents. Be but your lordship present at
his examination : if he do not, for the promise of
his life, and in the highest compulsion of base
fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the in-
telligence in his power against you, and that
with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,
never trust my judgment in anything.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum ; he says, he has a stratagem
for't : when your lordship sees the bottom of his
success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit
lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not
John Drum's entertainment, your inclining can-
not be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder
not the humour of his design : let him fetch off
his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur ? this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a drum.

Par. *But a drum ! Is't but a drum ?* A
drum so lost !—There was excellent command !
to charge in with our horse upon our own
wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the
command of the service ; it was a disaster of
war that Cæsar himself could not have pre-
vented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our
success : some dishonour we had in the loss of
that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as

we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

1 Lord. None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost embossed him ; you shall see his fall to-night : for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship : I'll leave you. *[Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send ;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :

Will you go see her ?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.**Enter HELENA and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses ;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband ;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have show'd me that which well ap-
proves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her ; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents

Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then : it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent ; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

I Lord.

WE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

I Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

I Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

I Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

I Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

I Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

I Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me : and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

I Lord. [aside.] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry it : they will say, *Came you off with so little ?* and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore ? what's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

I Lord. [aside.] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn ; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

I Lord. [aside.] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard ; and to say it was in stratagem.

I Lord. [aside.] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

I Lord. [aside.] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

I Lord. [aside.] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

I Lord. [aside.] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

I Lord. [aside.] You shall hear one anon.

[Alarum within.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

I Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

I Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here, German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

I Sold. Boskos vauvado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kerelybonto:—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

I Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

I Lord. Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.

I Sold. The general is content to spare thee
yet;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee
on

To gather from thee : haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep
him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and
safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the
Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Pon-
tibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty : such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn !

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the
truth ;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : therefore, your
oaths

Are words, and poor conditions ; but unseal'd ;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;

Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a
scarre,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no
power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world .
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window ;

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : you have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by woo-
ing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Hea-
ven and me !

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid :

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's
letter ?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since : there
is something in't that stings his nature ; for, on
the reading it, he changed almost into another
man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon
him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet
a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever-
lasting displeasure of the king, who had even
tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I

will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then?

will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now, where's your master ?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave ; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have conge'd with the duke ; done my adieu with his nearest ; buried a wife ; mourned for her ; writ to my lady mother I am returning ; entertained my convoy ; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs ; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier ?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module ; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth [*Exeunt Soldiers*] : he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. [*reads.*]

First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.

What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this !

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir.

1 Lord. A truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. [reads.]

Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.

What say you to that ?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see :

Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

I Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

[*Reads*]. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.

What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

I Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child: a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The First Lord—DUMAIN—lifts up his hand in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke ?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine ; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band : I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know ; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis ; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you ?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. [*reads.*]

Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue !

1 Sold. [*reads.*]

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it ;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before ;

And say a soldier, *Dian*, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss :
For count of this—the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army,
with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the
manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat,
and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks,
we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case : not that I am
afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many,
I would repent out the remainder of nature : let
me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any-
where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you
confess freely ; therefore, once more to this cap-
tain Dumain. You have answered to his reputa-
tion with the duke, and to his valour : what is
his honesty ?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ;
for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.
He professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking
them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie,
sir, with such volubility, that you would think
truth were a fool : drunkenness is his best virtue ;
for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he
does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about
him ; but they know his conditions, and lay him
in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of
his honesty : he has everything that an honest
man should not have ; what an honest man
should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty ! A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war ?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not ; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files : I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him ! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain ?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me ?

1 *Sold.* What's he ?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.]*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.]

1 Sold. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where

but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France, too ; we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall ; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive ! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne 'tis need-
ful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,

My husband hies him home : where, Heaven
aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love ; doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men !
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away :
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. . *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Countess. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee : thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name ; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse : I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of ; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire ; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world ; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter : some that humble themselves may ; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways ; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks ; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Countess. So he is. My lord, that's gone,

made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose : his highness hath promised me to do it : and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Countess. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Countess. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face ; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but

'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you ; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;—

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness ; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king ; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gent. Not, indeed : He hence removed last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet ; Though time seem so adverse, and means *unfit*.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ; Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand ; Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it : I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hd. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of
the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my lord
Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been
better known to you, when I have held fami-
liarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir,
muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat
strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will
henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.
Pr'ythee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir;
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee stand away: a paper from
fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman!
Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's
cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into
the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and,
as he says, is muddled withal: pray you, sir,
use the carp as you may; for he looks like a

poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Countess. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took cap-
tive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither;—

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon;

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it ; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent.

I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have
you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf.

He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time,
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : thence it came,
That she, whom all men praised, and whom my-
self

Since I have lost have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King.

Well excused :

That thou didst love her strikes some scores
away

From the great compt : but love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, *That's good that's gone* : our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Countess. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,

The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to 'reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Countess. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never
saw it :

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought
I stood ingaged : but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you : then, if you know

That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,

That she would never put it from her finger,

Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

(Where you have never come,) or sent it us

Upon her great disaster.

Ber.

She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,

Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—

And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,

More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,

Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber.

If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,

Where yet she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent.

Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,
 Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
 Is here attending: her business looks in her
 With an importing visage; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
 Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads.*]

Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this:

I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
 Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
 Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
 Was foully snatch'd.

Countess.

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
 And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
 Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivèd from the ancient Capulet ;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count : do you know these
women ?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further ?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are
mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. [*to BERTRAM.*] Your reputation comes
too short for my daughter ; you are no husband
for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,
Whom some time I have laugh'd with : let your
highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill
to friend,

Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your
honour,
Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price :
Do not believe him : O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Countess. He blushes, and 'tis his :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife ;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ber. What of him ?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd ;

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth :
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has : certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your
finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
starts you—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know
you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath
had in him which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he
love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
what an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go
between them, as I said; but more than that,
he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her,
and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies,
and I know not what: yet I was in that credit
with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed; and of other motions, as pro-
mising her marriage, and things which would
derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will
not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless

thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside.

—This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord ; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now ; To prison with her : and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while ?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty :

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She doth abuse our ears ; to prison
with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay,
royal sir ;

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit
him :

He knows himself my bed he hath defiled ;
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one
kick ;

So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; O, pardon !

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this
maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter : this it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done :
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Bar. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—

O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep
anon :—

[*To PAROLLES.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me
a handkerchief : so, I thank thee ; wait on me
home, I'll make sport with thee. Let thy cour-
tesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy
dower ;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express :

All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done :

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content ; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day :

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts :

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

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*

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOHN, *King of England.*

PRINCE HENRY, *his son (afterwards Henry III.).*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the King.*

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE LORD BIGOT, *afterwards EARL OF NORFOLK.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP the Bastard, *his half-brother.*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a supposed prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, the Dauphin, *afterwards Lewis VIII.*

LYMOGES, *Archduke of Austria.*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *mother of Arthur.*

BLANCH of Castile, *niece of King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

*Lords, Ladies, and other Attendants; Sheriff, Citizens,
Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, and Messengers.*

SCENE,—*Partly in ENGLAND; and partly in FRANCE.*

KING JOHN.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State
in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX,
SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.*

King John.

NOW say, Chatillon, what would France
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks
the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning:—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the
embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, with FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP,
his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty
king;

That is well known: and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eliz. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,
And wound her honour, with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my
land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven
lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his
parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's
land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my
father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
lived,
Your brother did employ my father much:—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land :
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and
shores

Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your
father,

Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes :
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say, *Look, where three-farthings*
goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy
fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me
thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters
way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bearest :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me
your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land :
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ;
what though ?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch ;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou
thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must
speed

For France, for France ; for it is more than
need.

Bast. Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to
thee !

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was ;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow ;

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries :—*My dear sir,*
(Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you*—that is Question now ;
And then comes Answer like an Absey book :
O, sir, says Answer, *at your best command ;*
At your employment ; at your service, sir :
No, sir, says Question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself :
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation ;
(And so am I, whether I smack or no ;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?
What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me ! it is my mother.—How now, good lady ?
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's
son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverent boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. *Philip?*—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; marry—to confess—

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork:—therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
like;

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone :
Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
Some proper man, I hope ; who was it, mother ?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge ?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father :

By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heaven ! lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours : your fault was not your folly ;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter on one side, the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

King Philip.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave :
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John ;
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength

To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work ; our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages :

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood :
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot-rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him
time

To land his legions all as soon as I :
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased :
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums beat.*]

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard,
PEMBROKE, *and* Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in
peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat His peace to
heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England ; if that war
return
From France to England, there to live in peace !
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
his ;

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's, in the name of God.
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great
commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge that stirs
good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong ;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping
son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots
thy father.

Const. There's a good grandame, boy, that
would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass :—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs
our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your
conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandame, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandame, child ;
Give grandame kingdom, and it' grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandame.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me,

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she
does, or no !

His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be
bribed

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
earth !

Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's
son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague, her sin ; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; a plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked
will ;

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandame's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more tem-
perate :

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.
 Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

• *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
 subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage ;—therefore, hear
 us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparation for a bloody siege
 And merciless proceeding, by these French,
 Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
 And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ord(i)nance,
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd
 cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle :

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to
us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your
town ;

Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it,—namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-faced walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's
subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and
let me in.

Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the
king,
To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
prove the king ?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is wor-
thiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phi. Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers !
to arms !

Bast. St. George, that swung the dragon,
and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence !—[*To AUSTRIA.*] Sirrah,
were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Bast. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll
set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so ;—[*to LEWIS*] and at
the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter a
French Herald, with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

Enter an English Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towers we
might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured :
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power :
Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so
even,
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power, ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on,
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean ?

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !

O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?

Cry, *havoc* ! kings ; back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits !

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Hubert. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Hubert. A greater power than we denies all this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear; until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargèd to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencèd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion ;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,

Why, then defy each other : and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you
assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruc-
tion
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [*aside.*] O prudent discipline ! From
north to south ;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away !

Hubert. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a
while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced
league ;

Win you this city without stroke or wound ;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field :
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent
to hear.

Hubert. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,

Is near to England ; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
Blanch ?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete ;
If not complete of, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance ; but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,
and seas ;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and
bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France :
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match ;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their
souls
Are capable of this ambition ;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Hubert. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieged)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What sayst thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow ;
I do protest, I never loved myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—
And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will ;
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What
say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can
you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-
raine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes, close
your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for I am well assured
That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates,
Let in that amity which you have made ;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?

I know she is not ; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much :
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that
we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John.

We will heal up all,

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

*[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens
retire from the walls.]*

Bast. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad compo-
sition !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part :

And France, whose armour conscience buckled
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field

As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;

That broker that still breaks the pate of faith ;

That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commo-
dity,

Commodity, the bias of the world ;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground ;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm ;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[*Exit.*



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Constance.

GONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:

I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick, and capable of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them
false

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art
thou ?

France friend with England ! what becomes of
me ?—

Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O !
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee ;

She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John ;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John :—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go
with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She seats herself on the ground.]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this
blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day !—
[Rising.]

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no
cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counter-
feit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
tried,

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold, in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me
a war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me !

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy
life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the
pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of
England

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself ;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate :

And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no
right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong ;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go
thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France
repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs,
Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts
thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers
not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer
well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my per-
son yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit :
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensèd kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so :
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her
curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd ;

That is, to be the champion of our church !
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself :

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done ;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it :

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept ;

But thou hast sworn against religion

By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
swear'st ;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear !

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast. Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

- Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What
motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine
honour !

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need :—England, I
will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton, Time,

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair
day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune
lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together.— [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To
arms let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with
AUSTRIA's Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie
there ;
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip,
make up :
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege ; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be ;—[*to ELINOR*] your
grace shall stay behind,

So strongly guarded.—[*To ARTHUR.*] Cousin
look not sad :

Thy grandame loves thee ; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. [*to the Bastard.*] Cousin, away for
England ; haste before :

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness :—Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.^f

[*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a
word.

[*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go :
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience :—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But ah, I will not :—yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee.
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well :
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin, go :
 Hubert shall be your man, t' attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's
 Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and
 Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the
 flood,
 A whole armado of convicted sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go
 well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
 run so ill ?
 Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lew. What he hath won that hath he fortified :

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example : who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your
peace !

K. Phi. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle
Constance !

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.
Death, death, O amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones ;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household
worms ;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself :
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou
smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
cry :—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal ;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses : O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief .

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

[*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her.

[*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no : when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little
rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore,
mark.

John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand then Arthur needs must
fall ;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your
wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this
old world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have named !— The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity : if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king : 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions.

Let us go ;

If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

Hubert.

HEAT me these irons hot ; and look you stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

I Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you :
look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed is't not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [aside.] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [aside.] His words do take possession of my bosom. —

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning spiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,

I knit my hand-kercher about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;

Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*

Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the water of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but
Hubert's—

Hub. [*stamps.*] Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily :
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

I Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven !—that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead
with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice burning in this coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it
blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch
thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports,

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : go closely in with
me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in
the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleased,
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigurèd ;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than
well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness ;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new
crown'd,
We breathed our counsel : but it pleased your
highness
To overbear it ; and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coro-
nation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),
I shall indue you with : meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of
these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)

Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction.

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, [*taking him apart*] what news with
you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it :
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood, which owed the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather :—how goes all in
France ?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such
a power,

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk ?

Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's ear,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died
Your noble mother : and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-
sion !

O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France !—
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France,

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world

To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was
amazed

Under the tide ; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out
so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison
him

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee. [*Exit HUBERT, with PETER*
O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived ?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths
are full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,) And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go, And thrust thyself into their companies : I have a way to win their loves again ; Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.

O, let me have no subject-enemies, When adverse foreigners affright my towns With dreadful pomp of stout invasion ! Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ; And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.]

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ; And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.]

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets Do prophesy upon it dangerously : Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :

Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?

Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. None had, my lord ! why, did you not
provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life ;

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law ; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposèd,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peate between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to
the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste ;
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap
down :—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—
There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me
quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :

As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones !

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-
Bury ;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle-offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardi-
nal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward : for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

T 2

Bast. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? You have beheld—

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,

Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this :

And this, so sole and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;

The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you. :

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal.

Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back,
I say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
Yet, I am none : whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-
bridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis-
bury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge ?

Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I loved him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us
out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of
this fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth .
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 How happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown,  
 and Attendants.*

*King John.*

**T**HUS have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

*Pand.*

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word : go  
 meet the French ;

And from his holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.  
 Our discontented counties do revolt ;  
 Our people quarrel with obedience ;  
 Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified.  
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day ? Did not  
the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :  
I did suppose it should be on constraint ;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there  
holds out  
But Dover castle : London hath received,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me  
again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
streets ;



An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en  
away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did  
live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he  
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble  
there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been  
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our rememb(e)rance:  
Return the precedent to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side

To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.—  
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this :  
Wherein we step after a stranger-march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
What, here ?—O nation, that thou couldst re-  
move !

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly !

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this ;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect !  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation ;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm :  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
That never saw the giant world enraged ;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as  
deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
And even there, methinks, an angel spake :

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled  
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not  
back ;  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to  
me ?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with  
Rome ?

Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome  
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action ? Is't not I  
That undergo this charge ? Who else but I  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy !* as I have bank'd their towns ?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this  
work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak :  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breathed,  
The youth says well.—Now hear our English  
king ;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepared ; and reason too, he should :  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepared  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand, which had the strength, even at  
your door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;  
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and  
trunks ;

To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—  
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
No : know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
And, like an eagle o'er his airy, towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :  
For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face  
in peace ;

We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well :  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabblor.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither :—  
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will  
cry out ;

And so shall you, being beaten : do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at  
hand

(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)

Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger  
out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us ? O,  
tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty ?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me  
so long,

Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mass.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-  
conbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the  
abbey there.

*Mass.* Be of good comfort ; for the great  
supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but even now :  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me ! this tyrant fever burns me  
up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.



Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the  
Field of Battle.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stored with  
friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath  
left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other  
names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and  
sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury,  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible ? may this be true ?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
Why should I then be false ; since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east :  
But even this night,—whose black contagious  
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night your breathing shall expire ;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee.—And beshrew my  
soul

But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight ;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-  
look'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New  
flight;  
And happy newness, that intends old right.  
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French Camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loth  
to set,  
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measured backward their own  
ground,  
In faint retire: O bravely came we off  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.* Here:—what news?

*Mess.* The count Melun is slain; the English  
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy  
very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said  
King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well ; keep good quarter and good care  
to-night ;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbour-  
hood of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,  
or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee?

*Bast.* Why may I not demand  
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?  
Hubert, I think?

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought :  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so  
well :

Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt : an if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless  
night,  
Have done me shame :—brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come ; sans compliment, what  
news abroad ?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow  
of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the  
night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it ? who did taste to  
him ?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolvèd villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his  
majesty ?

*Hub.* Why, know you not ? the lords are all  
come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company ;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.  
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

*P. Hen.* It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-  
house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak ; and holds  
belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard  
here.—

[*Exit* BIGOT.]

Doth he still rage ?

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them, invisible ; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and  
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies ;  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death  
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are  
born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING  
JOHN in a chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
room;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,  
cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you  
much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my  
tears,  
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine  
eye :  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt ;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should  
sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;  
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;  
Where, Heaven He knows how we shall answer  
him :  
For in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead  
an ear.—  
My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now  
thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so  
stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

*Bast.* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge ;



And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right  
spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be  
sought ;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as  
we :

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already ;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal.  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so :—and you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spared,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give  
you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make  
us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*



SHAKSPEARE.



THE  
*HANDY-VOLUME*



SHAKSPEARE.



VOL. VI.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.—PART I.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.—PART II.



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KING RICHARD  
THE SECOND.

14



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*, } *uncles to the*  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*, } *King.*

HENRY, *surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford,*  
*son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.*

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*

MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*

*The* DUKE OF SURREY.

*The* EARL OF SALISBURY.

*The* EARL BERKLEY.

*The* EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

Lord Marshal.

*The* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

*The* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

*Sir* STEPHEN SCROOP.

*Sir* PIERCE OF EXTON.

BUSHY, }

BAGOT, } *servants to King Richard.*

GREEN, }

*Captain of a Band of Welshmen.*

*QUEEN to King Richard.*

*The* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

*The* DUCHESS OF YORK.

*Lady attending on the Queen.*

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper,  
Messengers, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in ENGLAND and WALES.*

# KING RICHARD THE SECOND.




## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT,  
and other Nobles with him.*

*King Richard.*

 LD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd  
Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and  
band,

Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy  
bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-  
bray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded  
him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence;  
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

*Boling.* May many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but  
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, (heaven be the record to my  
speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence.  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword  
may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my  
zeal :

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say :  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw  
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I said my life shall prove  
it true;—

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand  
nobles

In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-  
ments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—

Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—

That all the treasons, for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land,

Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and  
spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of  
blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement ;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution  
soars !—

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and  
ears :

Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)

Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :  
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou ;  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy  
heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers :  
The other part reserved I by consent ;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear account  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :  
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's  
death,—

I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
 A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul :  
 But, ere I last received the sacrament,  
 I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd  
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial-day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled  
 by me ;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :  
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my  
 age :—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry ? when ?

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there  
 is no boot.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
 foot :

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :

The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled here ;  
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breathed this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood :  
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change his spots : take but  
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-harr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done :  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do  
you begin.

*Boling.* O, Heaven defend my soul from such  
foul sin !

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this outdared dastard ? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's  
face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to  
command :



Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke  
of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas ! the part I had in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;  
Who, when He sees the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper  
spur ?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut :  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster, —  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.

Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that  
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and  
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :  
That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel ; for Heaven's  
substitute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,  
Hath caused his death : the which if wrongfully,  
Let Heaven revenge ; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against His minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas ! may I complain  
myself ?

*Gaunt.* To Heaven, the widow's champion and  
defence.

*Duch.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's  
wife

With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth  
where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?  
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Open Space near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a Throne. Herald, &c., attending.*

*Enter the LORD MARSHAL and AUMERLE.*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford  
arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aum.* Why, then the champions are prepared,  
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms :

Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms :  
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath ;  
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engagèd by my oath,  
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate !)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*[He takes his seat.]*

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour,  
preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
And formally according to our law  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name ? and wherefore  
com'st thou hither,  
Before King Richard, in his royal lists ?  
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy  
quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's  
valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-  
reign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your  
highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in  
our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear ;  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—  
[*To LORD MARSHAL.*] My loving lord, I take  
my leave of you ;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :—  
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :  
[*To GAUNT.*] O thou, the earthly author of my  
blood,—

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,—  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoublèd,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* My innocency, and Saint George to  
thrive.

[*He takes his seat.*]

*Nor.* [*rising.*] However heaven, or fortune,  
cast my lot,  
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's  
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :  
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,  
Go I to fight ; truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord : securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The KING and the Lords return to their seats.*]

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,  
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

*Boling.* [*rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope,  
I cry—amen.

*Mar.* [*to an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to  
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and  
Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-  
bray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [A charge sounded.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and  
their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again :  
Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.]

[*To the combatants.*] Draw near,  
And list, what with our council we have done.  
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'  
swords :

And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's  
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;  
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned  
drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreaded bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's  
blood :—

Therefore we banish you our territories :  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,



Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done : this must my  
comfort be,

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on  
me ;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier  
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :  
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—  
The hopeless word of,—Never to return,  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign  
liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth.  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego :  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;  
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now ;  
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compas-  
sionate ;

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's  
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*[Retiring.]*

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath  
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)  
To keep the oath that we administer :—  
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
Nor ever look upon each other's face ;  
Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
Nor ever by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy ;  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm ;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !

But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.  
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;  
Save back to England, all the world's my way.  
[Exit

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine  
eyes

I see thy grievèd heart; thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away:—[to BOLING.] six frozen  
winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,  
He shortens four years of my son's exile;  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons, and bring their times  
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewastèd light,  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years  
to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou  
canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a  
morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my death:  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father :  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more  
mild :

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I  
make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages; and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not, the king exiled thee: or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou  
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds, musicians;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence  
strew'd;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee  
on thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell ;  
sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ; AUMERLE following.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call  
him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting  
tears were shed ?

*Aum.* 'Faith, none for me, except the north-east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
Awaked the sleepily rheum ; and so, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with him ?

*Aum. Farewell :*

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd  
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells ;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis  
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observed his courtship to the common people :—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
friends ;*

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;  
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourself in person to this war.  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court,  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforced to farm our royal realm  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand : if that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are  
rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants ;  
For we will make for Ireland presently

*Enter Bushy.*

Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,  
my lord ;  
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's  
mind,  
To help him to his grave immediately !  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :  
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too  
late !

*All.* Amen.

*[Exeunt.]*



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the DUKE OF YORK and others standing by him.*

*Gaunt.*

**W**ILL the king come, that I may breathe  
my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid  
youth?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with  
your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying  
men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent  
in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words  
in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught  
to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives  
before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last,  
Writ in remembrance, more than things long  
past;

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering  
sounds,

As praises of his state : then, there are found  
Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen :  
Report of fashions in proud Italy ;  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt  
    thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspired;  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are  
    short ;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
Against infestation and the hand of war ;  
This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
    England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)  
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :  
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN ; AUMERLE, BUSHY,  
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly with his  
youth ;  
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the  
more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

*K. Rich.* What comfort, man ? How is't with  
aged Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks ;  
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt ;  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with  
their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself :  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those  
that live ?

*Gaunt.* No, no ; men living flatter those that  
die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou  
flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* Oh ! no ; thou diest, though I the  
sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see  
thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see  
thee ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy  
shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease :  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :  
Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;  
And——

*K. Rich.* And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son ;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused :  
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)

May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood ;  
Join with the present sickness that I have ;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !—  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

*[Exit, borne out by his Attendants]*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and  
sullens have ;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his  
words

To wayward sickliness and age in him :

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear

As Hartly duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right ; you say true : as Hereford's  
love, so his :

As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him  
to your majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he ?

*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bank-  
rupt so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so  
doth he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :

So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom, where no venom else,

But only they, hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient ? Ah,  
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private  
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;  
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman ;  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
But when he frown'd it was against the French,  
And not against his friends ; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.*

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?  
Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from  
Time

His charters, and his customary rights :  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession ?  
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will ; we seize into  
our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.  
*York.* I'll not be by the while : my liege,  
farewell :

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell ;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire  
straight ;  
Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always loved us well.  
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE,  
GREEN, and BAGOT.*

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is  
dead.

*Ross.* And living too ; for now his son is  
duke.

*Willo.* Barely in title, not in revenue.



*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great : but it must break  
with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind ; and let him  
ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Willo.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke  
of Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him ;  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such  
wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with  
grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he  
fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devised—  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what ;  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for war'd  
he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achieved with blows :  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman : most degenerate king !

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;

And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering, so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of death

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
In Brittany, received intelligence  
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord  
Cobham,

[The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,]  
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and  
Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh ;  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to  
them that fear.

*Willo.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be  
there. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad :  
You promised, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did ; to please  
myself,  
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard : yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty  
shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so :  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,  
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,  
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to  
wail ;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not ;  
more's not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy-sad,  
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious  
lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived  
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so ;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve ;  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;  
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what  
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* Heaven save your majesty !—and well  
met, gentlemen,  
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope  
he is ;  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good  
hope ;

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retired  
his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurg.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid !

*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true ; and, that is  
worse,—

The Lord Northumberland, his young son Henry  
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd North-  
umberland

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?

*Green.* We have : whereon the earl of Wor-  
cester

Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife of my  
woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck ;  
O, full of careful business are his looks !  
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my  
thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives, but crosses, cares, and grief.  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :  
Here am I left to underprop his land ;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I  
came.

*York.* He was ?—Why so !—go all which way  
it will !

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are  
cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;—

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :  
Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,

To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* Heaven for His mercy ! what a tide of  
woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !  
I know not what to do :—I would to heaven  
(So my untruth had not provoked him to it,)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.  
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon me.—

[*To the Servant.*] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? if I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—  
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend ; the other again  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,  
I'll

Dispose of you.—

Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.  
I should to Plashy too ;—

But time will not permit :—all is uneven,  
And every thing is left at six-and-seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to  
Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,  
Proportionable to the enemy,  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love,  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons :  
for their love

Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do  
we,

Because we have been ever near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle ;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us ;  
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—  
Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back  
Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry ;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.  
Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.



*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.*

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled  
The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:

And hope to joy is little less in joy  
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath  
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whenceso-  
ever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd  
his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook  
the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispersed  
The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason ?

He was not so resolved when last we spake to-  
gether.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed  
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,  
To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;  
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover  
What power the duke of York had levied there ;  
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,  
boy ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; for that is not for-  
got

Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now ; this is  
the duke.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my  
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approvèd service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be  
sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir

Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and  
Seymour;

None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willo.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:  
And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my  
meaning

To raze one title of your honour out :  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The duke of York ; to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words  
by you ;  
Here comes his grace in person.—[*Kneels.*] My  
noble uncle !

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not  
thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle !

*York.* Tut, tut !  
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.  
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word, grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.  
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
But then more why—why have they dared to  
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,  
And ostentation of despised arms ?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of  
men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault !

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my  
fault ;

On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd  
Hereford :

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born !  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patent give me leave :  
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,

And challenge law : attorneys are denied me :  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much  
abused.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon, to do him  
right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you  
this :—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right :  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
And you that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn his coming  
is

But for his own : and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you :—but yet  
I'll pause ;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :  
Things past redress are now with me past care.  
[*Exeunt*

#### SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten  
days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-  
man :

The king reposeth all his confidence  
In thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will  
not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :—  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assured Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy  
mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY,
WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind with BUSHY
and GREEN, prisoners.*

Bolingbroke.

BRING forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your
souls

(Since presently your souls must part
your bodies,)

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth :
Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
Whilst you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice all
this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death
to me,

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that Heaven will take
our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTH. and others, with Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house :
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
away ;

To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle
in view.*

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at
hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs :

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting ;

So, weeping-smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

Which with usurping steps do trample thee :

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that
made you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in
friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou
not,

That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, boldly here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves !
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my
tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men :

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; why looks your
grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thou-
sand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled
And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side ;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you
are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-
pared;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so
arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, in-
deed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart !

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !

Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his pro-
perty,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :—

Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands : those whom
you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death ;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
How some have been deposèd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposèd :
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
kill'd ;

All murder'd :—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends.—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their
 present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to
 fight ;
And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—proud
 Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
 sky

The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
[*To AUMERLE.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and
Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
lord;
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumber-
land

To say, *King Richard*:—alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you
should,
Lest you mis-take: the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salis-
bury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [to NORTH.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:—
Henry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person : hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restored again, be freely granted :
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
men :

The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke

It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much ; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening
drum,

That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet
within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING
RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE,
SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself
appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,

From out the fiery portal of the east ;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. [to NORTH.] We are amazed ; and
thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord
the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—
Currents that spring from one most gracious
head,—

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king
returns :—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[*To AUMERLE.*] We do debase ourself, cousin,
do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this
tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope
to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and
me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bo-
lingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must
he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' fee
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?

Aumerle, thou weep'st: my tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes.*

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—*ay.*

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend

To speak with you; may it please you to come
down?

K. Rich. Down? down I come; like glister-
ing Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
base,

To come at traitors' call, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
Down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man :
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

[*Kneeling.*] My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], al-
though your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—they well deserve
to have

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

I Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

I Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

I Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of joy, or grief?

I Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

I Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

I Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state : for every one doth so
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apri-
cocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a
pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choked
up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

I Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard.

They are ;

And Bolingbroke hath seized the wasteful king.—
Oh ! what pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste,
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

I Serv. What, think you then, the king shall
be deposed ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and deposed,
'Tis doubt, he will be ; letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want
of speaking !—

[*Coming forward.*] Thou, old Adam's likeness,
set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this un-
pleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursèd man ?

Why dost thou say king Richard is deposed ?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say where, when, and
how

Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe these news : yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so :
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be
no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall. *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUWERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.

Bolingbroke.



CALL forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's
death;

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord
Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was
plotted,

I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*—

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how bless'd this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it
up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun that shows me where thou
stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see
the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this
hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for
this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as
true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle ;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll
throw at all :

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember
well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true : you were in presence
then ;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
horse !

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,

And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage :—

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage,

Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his land and seignories ; when he's re-
turn'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be
seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand :
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Bishop. Marry, Heaven forbid !—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forbend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this curs'd earth :
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
 woe !

North. Well have you argued, sir ; and, for
 your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here :
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons'
 suit ?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
 view
He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
 arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
[*To CARLISLE.*] Little are we beholden to your
 love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers
 bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men : were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, *all hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the king !—Will no man say *amen*?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, *amen*.
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, *amen*, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. [*Seizes the crown.*] Here, cousin,
On this side my hand ; and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.

My care is, loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;

Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revèues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
grieved ;

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
[Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
hands,

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these
articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, in-
sulting man,
No; nor no man's lord; I have no name, no
title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd :—alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops !—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly
good,)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror higher straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-
glass. [Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass
doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I
come to hell !

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northum-
berland.

North. The commons will not then be satis-
fied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read
enough,

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ?—O, flattering
glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which faced so many follies,
That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? I am greater than a king;

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! *Convey?* — Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICH., some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down

Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the ABBOT, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein, You shall not only take the sacrament To bury mine intents, but to effect Whatever I shall happen to devise :—

I see your brows are full of discontent, Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ; Come home with me to supper ; I will lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen.

THIS way the king will come ; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither ; yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;
Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn ;
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest.

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken
down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape
and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd ? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect ? Hath he been in thy
heart ?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ; kiss the rod ;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught
but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France :

Think I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed ;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all :

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the
way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urged, another way,

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;

That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,

To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an
end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forth-
with.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced !—Bad men, ye
violate

A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;

And then betwixt me and my married wife.—

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—

Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime ;

My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we
part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king
with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me
go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one
woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
part ;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no
good part,

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay ;
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—*God save thee, Bolingbroke!*

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he
the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, *God save*
him!

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have
melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : who are the violets
now

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care
not ;

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and
triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without
thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale?—let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon
me;

It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean
to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd
into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with
a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse : *[Exit Servant.*

Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou
art amazed.

[To the Servant.] Hence, villain! never more
come in my sight. *[Exit Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

Exit.

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his
horse;

Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away;
Be gone! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the
stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate : yet through
both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace ! I do beseech
your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace
alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
here alone. [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth,
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*Aum. locks the door.*]

York. [*within.*] My liege, beware; look to
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
past:

I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !

O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current, and defiled himself ;
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies ;
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*within.*] What ho, my liege ! for heaven's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ;
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ;

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here ?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast :

He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—*stand up* ;
But *pardon*, first ; and afterwards, *stand up*.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say—*pardon*, king : let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like *pardon* for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king : say, *pardon-
nez moy.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to de-
stroy ?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word !
Speak *pardon* as 'tis current in our land ;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee *pardon* to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon
me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
Twice saying *pardon* doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and
the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin, too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray Heaven
make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what
words he spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?
Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend ?* quoth he : he spake
it twice :

And urged it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on
me ;

As who should say,—*I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;*
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world :

And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ;—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father : and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world ;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the faith itself
Against the faith ;
As thus,—*Come, little ones ;* and then again,—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last : like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again : and by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing :—but, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time :—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath Time made me his numbering
clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid ;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me,
gentle friend,
How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly as if he had disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on
his back !
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. [*to the Groom.*] Fellow, give place ;
here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me 'tis time thou wert
away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude assault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing a Servant.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another. Then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear :—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the
Castle.*

*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK, with Lords
and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we
hear
Is, that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
Kent :

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursèd in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend
room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou
hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison
need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand ;—
March sadly after ; grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]



THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE
FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, } *sons to the King.*

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Sir WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

Sir MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*
POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,
Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE
FOURTH.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER
BLUNT, and others.*

King Henry.



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to
pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of
new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
womb.

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me
hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :
Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of
this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did my gracious lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news

Came from the north, and thus it did import :

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,

At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody
hour ;

As by discharge of their artillery,

And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;

For he that brought them, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse,

Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news ;

The earl of Douglas is discomfited :

Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty
knights,

Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see

On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur
took

Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son :
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be
proved,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think
you, coz, —

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
this :

And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor ;—so inform the lords ;

But come yourself with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day ? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal : for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say ; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What ! none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be *Diana's foresters, Gentlemen of the shade, Minions of the moon*: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof. Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—*lay by*; and spent with crying—*bring in*: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my

coin would stretch ; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king ? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law ? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No ; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already ; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits ?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits : whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch ?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes ; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought ! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I marked him not : and yet he talked very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration : and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; an I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins !—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand*, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse ? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar ? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill : there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves ; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester ; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

P. Hen. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone ; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of per-

suation and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation-sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell the latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back;

and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary and meet me.

To-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup.
Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pieaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*]

[*To NORTH.*] You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As was deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff : and still he smiled and talk'd ;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark !)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fee'rs,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war ;—to prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower :
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,

And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and
pause awhile ;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
Yes, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. [*to WORCESTER.*] Brother, the king
hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was he not pro-
claim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was : I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; did king Richard
then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?
O, pardon, if that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more ;

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or
swim :—

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced
moon ;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot.

Nay, I will ; that's flat :—

He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer* !
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that ~~same~~ sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,

I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourged with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what d'ye call the place?—

A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire ;—

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept ;

His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—*
O, the devil take such cozeners !——God forgive
me !——

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again ;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.—[*To NORTH.*] You, my
lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well-beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down ;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's a-foot thou still
lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot :—

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head :
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt ;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be revenged on
him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother ; we shall
thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport !

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

I Carrier.

NEIGH ho ! An't be not four by the day,
I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over
the new chimney, and yet our horse
not packed. What, ostler !

Ost. [within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,
put a few flocks in the point ; the poor jade is
wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a
dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades
the bots : this house is turned upside down since
Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow ! never joyed since the
price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this is the most villanous house
in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a
tench.

1 Car. Like a tench ? by the mass, there is
ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit
than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan,
and then we leak in your chimney ; and your
chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler ! come away, and be
hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two

razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged.—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—*Lend me thy lantern*, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[within.]* At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It

holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper: a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored

her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather you are more beholden to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS ; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter ; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ; what a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill ; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for

killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my

poison : when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand !

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news ?

Gads. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather : but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I ; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

I Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ; fleece them.

I Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever !

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves ; are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves, young men must live : you are grand-jurors, are ye ? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[Exit FAL., &c., driving the Travellers out.]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men : now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money ! [*Rushing out upon them.*
Poins. Villains !

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not then ? In respect of the love he bears our house :—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous* ;—why, that's certain ; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink : but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an*

opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! hang him! Let him tell the king: we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast
talk'd

Of sallies and retires ; of trenches, tents ;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin ;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents
are these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho !

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even
now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : *Esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In sooth,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title ; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprize : but if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I shall ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler !—Love ?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips :

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my
horse !—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, in-
deed ?

Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise ; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady.

It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads,
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have
sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah,
I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers ; and
can call them all by their christian names, as—
Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already
upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince
of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy : and
tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff ;
but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,

and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, *dyeing scarlet*: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—*hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than —“*Eight shillings and sixpence*” and “*You are welcome;*” with this shrill addition,—“*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,*” or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but—*anon*. Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years ! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it ?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis ?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis : for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not ?

Fran. O lord, sir ! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound : ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*within.*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis ? No, Francis : but to-morrow, Francis ; or, Francis, on Thursday ; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord ?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean ?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is

your only drink : for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir ?

Poins. [*within.*] Francis !

P. Hen. Away, you rogue ; dost thou not hear them call ?

[Here they both call him ; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ! stand'st thou still and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door ; shall I let them in ?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins !*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry ?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye ; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis ?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman ! His industry is—up-stairs, and down—

stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen—* an hour after, *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO;
FRANCIS following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in

England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me *po* that; and Pains there?

Poins. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet ; four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all ?

Fal. All ? I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for : I have peppered two of them : two, I am sure, I have paid : two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward ;—

here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-

pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared,

as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him

a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ?—Shall I give him his answer ?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs ; by'r lady you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph ; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no,—fie !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger ; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed ; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away ; what instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes looks red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must

speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance !

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare ! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion ; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point ;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses ? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in

tears ; not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words only, but in woes also :—and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man : a tun of

man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing.

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.
[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most, most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily*.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick; what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both of which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE and POINS.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men

He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what be they: read them.

Poins. [*reads.*]

Item, A capon,	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread (<i>a halfpenny</i>),	ob.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
GLENDDOWER.

*Mortimer.*

**T**HESE promises are fair, the parties  
sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous  
hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glen-  
dower,—

Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester :—a plague upon it !  
I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you,  
His cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,  
He wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him : at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets ; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same  
season, if your mother's cat had but kittened,  
though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was  
born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my  
mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth  
did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the  
heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement  
striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better  
Welsh: I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy: you will make  
him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for  
them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to  
command the devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the  
devil,

By telling truth; *tell truth, and shame the devil.*—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him  
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the  
devil.—

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too ?

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map ; shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally :  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute,)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—  
[To GLEND.] Within that space you may have  
drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.

And in my conduct shall your ladies come :  
From whom you now must steal, and take no  
leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton  
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see  
it doth.

*Mort.* Yea,

But mark how he bears his course, and runs me  
up

With like advantage on the other side ;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him  
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay ?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then ;  
Speak it in Welsh.



*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you :

For I was train'd up in the English court ;  
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry,  
And I am glad of it with all my heart ;  
I had rather be a kitten and cry *mew*,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care : I'll give thrice so much  
land  
To any well-deserving friend :  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away  
by night :  
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence :  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my  
father !

*Hot.* I cannot choose : sometime he angers  
me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten-raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys: I cried, *hum*,—and *well*,  
—*go to*,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:  
I warrant you that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
blame;  
And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,  
blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :  
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
 Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd ; good manners be  
 your speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers  
 me,—

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps ; she will not part  
 with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—that she, and  
 my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,  
 and she answers him in the same.*]

*Glend.* She's desperate here ; a peevish self-  
 will'd harlotry,

One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* I understand thy looks : that pretty  
 Welsh

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling  
 heavens,

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*LADY M. speaks.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language : for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she run  
mad. [LADY M. *speaks again.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay  
you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her  
sing :

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so ;

And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;  
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying  
down : come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my  
head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the  
Music plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands  
Welsh ;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.  
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but  
musical ; for you are altogether governed by

humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Wesh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst have thy head broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee !

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that ?

*Hot.* Peace ! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung by LADY M.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, *in good sooth* ! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, *in good sooth* ; and, *As true as I live* ; and, *As God shall mend me* ; and, *As sure as day* :

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath : and leave *in sooth*,  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.]

*Glend.* Come, come, lord Mortimer ; you are  
as slow,  
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn ; we will but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* Lords.

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave ; the prince of  
Wales and I

Must have some private conference : but be near  
at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean  
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I  
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal :  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As, in reproof of many tales devised,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession:  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:  
That men would tell their children,—*This is he;*  
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his state ;  
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,  
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns :  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibling boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative :  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :  
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey, and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and  
full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation ; not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more :  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.



*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge  
Christ!  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing  
clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find  
it so ;

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame  
with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head  
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of Heaven, I promise here :  
The which, if He be pleased I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve

The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in  
this :—

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,  
herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of  
speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to  
speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth  
to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;  
For this advertisement is five days old :—

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set  
forward ;

On Thursday, we ourselves will march :

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which  
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the  
Boar's Head Tavern.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn : I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, *By this fire* : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

*Fal.* God-a-mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen ? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

*Host.* Why, sir John ! what do you think, sir John ? do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by

servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess ; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair : and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I ? I defy thee : I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir John ; you do not know me, sir John : I know you, sir John : you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it ; let him pay.

*Host.* He ? alas, he is poor : he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How ! poor ? look upon his face ; what call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks ; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

*Host.* I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup ; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a scaling of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thank heaven on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why, an otter!

*P. Hen.* An otter, sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea: if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, let my girdle break.



*P. Hen.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou see'st I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit HOSTESS.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph,—

*Bard.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,  
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I  
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.  
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall,  
At two o'clock in the afternoon:  
There shalt thou know thy charge: and there  
receive

Money, and order for their furniture.  
The land is burning; Percy stands on high:  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my  
breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*Hotspur.*

WELL said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas

have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defyThe tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.*Hot.*

Do so, and 'tis well :—

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.*What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank  
you.*Mess.* These letters come from your father,—*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not  
himself ?*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous  
sick.*Hot.* Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be  
sickIn such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?  
Under whose government come they along ?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

*Wor.* I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;

And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited :  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness  
doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise :

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us ;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd  
off :—

And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it :—were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?

It were not good : for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope ;  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should ;  
 Where now remains a sweet reversion :  
 We may boldly spend upon the hope  
 Of what is to come in :  
 A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
 If that the devil and mischance look big  
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been  
 here.

The quality and hair of our attempt  
 Brooks no division : it will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;  
 And think, how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause :  
 For, well you know, we of the offering side  
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
 This absence of your father draws a curtain,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
 I, rather, of his absence make this use :—  
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
 Than if the earl were here : for men must  
 think,  
 If we, without his help, can make a head  
 To push against the kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such  
a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this dream of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,  
lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : what more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his  
son,

The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms :  
All plumed, like estridges that with the wind  
Bated,—like eagles having lately bathed ;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more ; worse than the sun  
in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste my  
horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a  
corse !

O, that Glendower were come !

*Ver.* There is more news :  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of  
yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty  
sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach  
unto ?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be ;  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily :  
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through : we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain ?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain : farewell. [Exit.]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger



brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry : but that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

*Fal.* What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already : the king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all to-night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me ; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack ; whose fellows are these that come after ?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut ; good enough to toss : food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that : and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste : Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped ?

*West.* He is, sir John ; I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,  
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of  
a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight him to-night.

*Wor.*

It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well;  
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder  
much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

*Enter Sir* WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the  
king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; and would  
to God

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well : and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And heaven defend but still I should  
stand so,

So long as, out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty !

But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all  
speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest ;

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind ; and, well we know,  
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears :

And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore :  
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to  
God,

He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth ;  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.*

Then, to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king ;  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :

To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king) to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited:  
Disgraced me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw  
awhile.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace  
and love.

*Hot.* An it may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* 'Pray heaven you do!  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Arch-  
bishop's House.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and a Gentleman.*

*Arch.* Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed  
brief,

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew

How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Gent.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch : for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence  
thence,  
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Gent.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear:  
there's Douglas,  
And lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Gent.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord  
Harry Percy,  
And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is : but yet the king hath  
drawn

The special head of all the land together ;—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;  
And many more corivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Gent.* Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well  
opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;  
 And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :  
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him ;  
 Therefore make haste : I must go write again  
 To other friends ; and so farewell, sir Michael.  
*[Exeunt severally.]*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN,
 Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

King Henry.

NOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill ! the day looks
 pale
 At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise ;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.
 How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well,
 That you and I should meet upon such terms

As now we meet: you have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your
looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time: you swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swear our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head :
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your
sight,

For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposèd by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have
articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation :

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a
soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;

We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge ;
For on their answer will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no
matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if
honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ?
Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No.
Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour
hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is
honour ? A word. What is that word, honour ?
Air. A trim reckoning !—Who hath it ? He that
lied o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth
he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea,
so the dead. But will it not live with the living ?
No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it :—
therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere
cutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir
Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us :
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of
eyes :

For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd
up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of
blood ;

And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear
it;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before
the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-
day,

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild at liberty :
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm, with speed : and, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !

Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on
apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here I draw a
sword,

Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperancé !—Percy !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The trumpets sound. They embrace,
and exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.
Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me ?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head ?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,

This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty
Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,
I never had triumph'd o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless
lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full
well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats ;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at Lon-
don, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but
upon the pate.—Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter
Blunt ;—there's honour for you : here's no

vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : heaven keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenge'd : pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed : and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city.

[The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath : give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums; excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too
much;—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so :—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your
tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help :
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—come, cousin
Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceived me,
Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy lends mettle to us all.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads :

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
And mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the KING being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
are like

Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
arms :

It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee :
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight; DOUGLAS flies.]

Cheerily, my lord ; how fares your grace ?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile :
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir
Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit KING HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from
thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great heart !—

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—this earth, that bears thee
dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal :—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—
 Embowell'd will I see thee by-and-by :
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit.*

Fal. [rising slowly.] Embowelled ! if thou
 embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to
 powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood,
 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant
 Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ?
 I lie, I am no counterfeit : to die is to be a coun-
 terfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man
 who hath not the life of a man : but to counter-
 feit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no
 counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life
 indeed. The better part of valour is discretion :
 in the which better part I have saved my life.
 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy,
 though he be dead : how, if he should counter-
 feit too, and rise ? By my faith, I am afraid he
 would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore
 I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I killed
 him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? No-
 thing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
 Therefore, sirrah, *[stabbing him]* with a new
 wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes HOTSPUR on his back.]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely
 hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft ! who have we here ?
 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead,

Breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Art thou alive?

Or is it phantasy that plays upon our eyesight?

I pr'ythee, speak; we will not trust our eyes.

Without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love, to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to
you

This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high
courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]



THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE
FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.,*

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*

PRINCE JOHN *of Lancaster,*

PRINCE HUMPHREY *of Gloucester,*

THE EARL OF WARWICK,

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND,

THE EARL OF SURREY,

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *of the King's Bench,*

GOWER, HARCOURT, *and* BLUNT,

THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,*

LORD MOWBRAY, LORD HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH, *Sir* JOHN COLEVILE;

TRAVERS *and* MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland,*

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS, PETO, BARDOLPH, *and* PISTOL.

Page *to* Falstaff.

SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*

DAVY, *servant to* Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, BULL-CALF, WART, *and* FREEBLE.
Recruits.

FANG *and* SNARE, *Sheriffs' Officers.*

A Dancer, *Speaker of the* Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of a tavern in* Eastcheap.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Porter, Drawers, Messengers, Grooms, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE
FOURTH.



INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rumour.



OPEN your ears : for which of you will
stop

The vent of hearing when loud Ru-
mour speaks ?

I, from the orient to the drooping
west,

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter LORD BARDOLPH.**Lord Bardolph.***W**HO keeps the gate here, ho ?*[The Porter opens the Gate.*

Where is the earl ?

Port. What shall I say you are ?*L. Bard.*

Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.**L. Bard.* Here comes the earl. *[Exit Porter.**North.* What news, lord Bardolph ? every minute nowShould be the father of some stratagem :
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.*L. Bard.*

Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will !*L. Bard.*

As good as heart can wish :

The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince
John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North. How is this derived ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers,
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way ;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you ?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings ; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rowel-head ; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode
by Travers
Give then such instances of loss ?

L. Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd :

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,— *Your son did thus, and
thus :*

Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas :
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—*Brother, son, and all are dead.*

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton ;

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not that reports his death :
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the
king,

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
grief,

Are thrice themselves : hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
quoif ;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron : and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
bring,

To frown upon the enraged Northumberland !
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not Nature's
hand

Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said,

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole of blows your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er :
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward
spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
ranged :

Yet did you say,—*Go forth* ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one :
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most
noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,

But shadows and the shows of men, to fight :
For that same word, *rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond : but now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones :

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me ; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge :
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed ;

Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good

healthy water ; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whore-son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mannèd with an agate till now ; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal : Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—a whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security ! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me—*security*. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield : if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Atten. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: you hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lord-

ship abroad : I heard say your lordship was sick : I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time : and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty :—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him ! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain ; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ; but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell : virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times, that true valour is turned bearherd : pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young : you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, sir John !

Fal. My lord, I was born, about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have

lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it ; and the young lion repents : marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion !

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry : I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ! for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily ;—if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it : well, I cannot last ever : but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest ; and heaven bless your expedition !

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth ?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well : commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.

Fal. If I do; fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy !

Page. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin : about it ; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout ! or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable : a good wit will make use of anything ; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes ;
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we shall advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, lord Hastings,
standeth thus ;
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lined himself
with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes ;—if this present quality of war
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model :
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair
birth)

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ;

I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What ! is the king but five-and-
twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his
forces hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmore-
land :

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth :

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch.

Let us on ;

And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times ?

They that when Richard lived would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accursed !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present,
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and
set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
be gone.

[Exeunt.]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and
SNARE following.*

Hostess.

MASTER FANG, have 'you entered the
action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a
lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our
lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he
stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mis-
chief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin
like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman,
nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but
within my vice;—

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant
he is an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good
master Fang, hold him sure;—good master

Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honeysuckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed: a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou

wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue!
do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian!
you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace
here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I be-
seech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you
brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and
business?

You should have been well on your way to
York.—

Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st
upon him?

Host. O, my worshipful lord, an't please your
grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he
is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is
for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house
and home; he hath put all my substance into
that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of
it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the
mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if
I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie!
what man of good temper would endure this
tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed
to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to
come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench

in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—[*To BARDOLPH.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARD., Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love

with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there: as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. [*to the Page.*] Come, you pernicious ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me, even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two

holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited ?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away !

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy : what dream, boy ?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers !—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bard. In bodily health, sir ?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [reads.] *John Falstaff, knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's*

blood spilt. How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap : *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, prince of Wales, greeting,—Why, this is a certificate.*

P. Hen. Peace !

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity :—sure he means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars ; John, with my brothers and sisters ; and sir John with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ? must I marry your sister ?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune ! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time ; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ?

Bard. At the old place, my lord ; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company ?

Page. Ephesians, my lord ; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him ?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be ?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph ;—no word to your master that I am yet in town : there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt* BARD. and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull ? a heavy declension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine ; for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND,
and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?

There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.

For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it !

For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the gray vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practised not his gait :

And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous
 him !

O miracle of men !—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconded by you,)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible :—so you left him :
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him ; let them alone ;
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from
 me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of
 the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your son ;

He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with
my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back :
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What hast thou brought there ?
apple-Johns ? thou know'st sir John cannot en-
dure an apple-John.

2 Draw. Thou sayest true. The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told
him there were five more sir Johns : and, putting
off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these
six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered
him to the heart : but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them
down : and see if thou canst find out Sneak's
noise ; mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some
music. Dispatch :—the room where they supped
is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and
master Poins anon : and they will put on two of

our jerkins and aprons ; and sir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis : it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulse beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose. But you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say, —*What's this ?* How do you now ?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem !

Host. Why, that was well said ; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

[*Exit Drawer.*

And was a worthy king :

How now, mistress Doll ?

Host. Sick of a calm ; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch

of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry ; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches :

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know : to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely :—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year ! one must bear, and that must be you : [*to DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead ? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars : and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name

and fame with the very best :—shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here ; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now :—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day ; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he ;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name ;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here ;—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, he ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : but I do not love swaggering ; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—*swagger* : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John.

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets : I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me ? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cutpurse rascal ! you filthy bung, away ! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you !—Since when, I pray you, sir ?—What, with two points on your shoulder ? much !

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here : discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol ; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain ! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain ? If captains were of my mind, they would

truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave ! for what ? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house ?—He a captain ! Hang him, rogue ! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain ! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy* ; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted : therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I : tell thee what, corporal Bardolph ;—I could tear her :—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first ;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs ! down, fators ! Have we not Hiren here ?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet ; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed ! Shall packhorses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks ?

Nay, rather damn them with king Cerberus ;
And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys ?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient ; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die, men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta. —

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[Snatching up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*]

Doll. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. And thou followed'st him like a church.

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head : do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then ?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness : and he plays at quoits well ; and eats conger and fennel ; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons ; and rides the wild mare with the boys ; and jumps upon joint-stools ; and swears with a good grace ; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg ; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction; what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to-bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so: prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. [*advancing.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and

entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door, there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north : and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heavens, Poins, I feel me much to
blame,
So idly to profane the precious time ;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good
night.

[*Exeunt P. HEN., POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked.
[*Knocking heard.*]

More knocking at the door !

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*to the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.
—Farewell, hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see,
my good wenches, how men of merit are sought
after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man
of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches :
if I be not sent away post I will see you again
ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak ;—if my heart be not ready
to burst :—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thy-
self.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee
these twenty-nine years, come peascod time ; but

an honest and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.

King Henry.

GO, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick:

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all,
my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our
kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice and little medicine :
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven ! that one might read the
book of fate ;
And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent
 (Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,
 Were they at wars : it is but eight years since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
 [To WARWICK.] You, cousin Nevil, as I may
 remember—

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;—*
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption :—*so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased :

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow; and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire

of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : what is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you : my captain, sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man : how doth the good knight ? may I ask how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated !—it is good ; yea, indeed is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated !—it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir : I have heard the word. *Phrase*, call you it ? By this day, I know not the *phrase* : but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow. — Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. [to SHALLOW.] Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know

you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Field?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watchword was *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings

in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care : but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I do not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself ; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. I care not ;—a man can die but once ;—we owe a death ;—I will never bear a base mind ;—if it be my destiny, so ; if it be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you : I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf :—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: and, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well:—go to:—very good: exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's Inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would he say; *bounce*, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come; I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master

Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen, both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible : he was the very genius of famine ; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire ; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn he

never saw him but once in the tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it ; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name ; for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court ; and now hath he land and beeves. Well ; I will be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY,
HASTINGS, and others.*

Archbishop.

WHAT is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;

Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus :—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality ;
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy :
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here ?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in
peace ;
What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youths, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary ;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
touch'd ;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd ;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ?
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to
blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the question
stands.

Briefly to this end :—We are all diseased ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;

And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :

And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother, general ! the common-
wealth !

To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before :
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on : were you not restored
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,
That need to be revived, and breathed in me ?
The king, that loved him, as the state stood
then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives ;

That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you
know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman ;
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
smiled ?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and
love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and graced indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience : and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this
offer ;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies :
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule :

For this contains our general grievances :—

Each several article herein redress'd :

All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form :

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, consigned :

We come within our awful banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :

And either end in peace, which heaven so frame,

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

Arch.

My lord, we will do so.

[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells
me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that ; if we can make our
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,

As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; note this,—the king
is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances ;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : for full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :—
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : pleaseth
your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name
then forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord,
we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others ; from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my
cousin Mowbray :
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
 bishop,

It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of Heaven?
To us, the speaker in His parliament;
To us, the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of Heaven,
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shoved from
 the court,)

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
 asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, success of mischief shall be born :
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
 much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them
 directly,
 How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them
 well :
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my
 word :
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. [*to an Officer.*] Go, captain, and deliver
 to the army
 This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
 I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : and, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it ;—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season :

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever
merry ;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule
be true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ;
hark, how they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they took their
course

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries towards his home and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord
Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough ; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death ; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND,
and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further
now ;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmore-
land.— *[Exit WESTMORELAND.]*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while ?

When everything is ended, then you come :
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be
thus ; I never knew yet but rebuke and check
was the reward of valour. Do you think me a
swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my
poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ?
I have speeded hither with the very extremest
inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine-score
and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am,
have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken
sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious
knight, and valorous enemy : but what of that ?
he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say
with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came,
saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than
your deservings.

Fal. I know not ; here he is, and here I yield
him : and I beseech your grace, let it be booked
with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, I swear, I
will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine
own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing
my foot : to the which course if I be enforced,
if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me,
and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as

much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates, To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come

to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up

with his retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack ; for that sets it a-work : and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant : for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph ?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire ; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire ; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.

Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your
majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
where is the prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my
lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Cla-
rence, with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in pre-
sence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas
of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas ;

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love :
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will
For he is gracious, if he be observed :
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint ;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed :
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth :
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with
him, Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day : he dines in
London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou
tell that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual
followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to
weeds ;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him
quite ;

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the
language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave
her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here ? Westmore-
land ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West., Health to my sovereign ! and new hap-
piness
Added to that that I am to deliver !
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's
hand :

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law ;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne

Here at more leisure may your highness read ;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick ?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these
fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it
in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me ; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them
over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

[They convey the KING into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now, rain within doors, and
none abroad!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing
it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords ;—sweet
prince, speak low ;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with
us?

P. Hen. No ; I will sit and watch here by the
king. [*Exeunt all but PRINCE HENRY*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

~~That~~ That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my
father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee,
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares
your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone,
my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my
liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him.

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this
way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it
from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left
it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go,
seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things
you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achievèd gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
 crown ?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me,
 Harry :—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt CLARENCE, P. HUMPH., Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak
 again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
 thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
 Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few
 hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?

Then get thee gone ; and dig my grave thyself ;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd :—up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors,
hence !

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt :
England shall give him office, honour, might :
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Hen. [kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege !
but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown :
And He that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending !
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
 And found no course of breath within your
 majesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it :—*The care on thee depen-*
ding

*Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable ;
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.*—Thus, my most royal
 liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Hen. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my
son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answer'd ;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument ; and now my death
Changes the mood : for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced : which to avoid,
I cut some off ; and had a purpose now

To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne
 out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be :
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords,
 and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my
 royal father !

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my lord of Warwick ?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick !

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven !—even there my
 life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,

I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :—
But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *[Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shallow.*

**B**Y cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say !

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excused ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excused. —Why, Davy !

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let me see :—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus ;—those precepts cannot be served : and, again, sir,—shall we sow the head-land with wheat ?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook ;—are there no young pigeons ?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid :—sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

*Shal.* He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legged hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are bitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor ; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir ; but, yet, heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years ; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir ; there-

fore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to ; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John ? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph :—[*to the Page.*] and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, sir John.      [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Excunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man ; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master : if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another : therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a

fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders !  
O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a  
wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*within.*] Sir John !

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow ; I come, master  
Shallow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither  
away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well ; his cares are now all  
ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature ;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me  
with him :

The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think the young king loves  
you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not ; and do arm  
myself,

To welcome the condition of the time ;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,  
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*War.* Here comes the heavy issue of dead  
Harry :

O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !  
How many nobles then should hold their  
places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

*Ch. Just.* Alas ! I fear all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good  
morrow.

*P. Humph., Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot  
to speak.

*War.* We do remember ; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath  
made us heavy !

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend, indeed :

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assured what  
grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; 'would 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak sir John Fal-  
staff fair ;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did I did in  
honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.



*Enter KING HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow ; and Heaven save your majesty !

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, Sits not so easy on me as you think. Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ; This is the English, not the Turkish court ; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ; Sorrow so royally in you appears, That I will deeply put the fashion on, And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad : But entertain no more of it, good brothers, Than a joint burden laid upon us all. For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured, I'll be your father and your brother too ; Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares. Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I ; But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears, By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me :—[*to the CHIEF JUSTICE.*] and you most ; You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly, Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No ! How might a prince of my great hopes forget So great indignities you laid upon me ? What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me :  
And, in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person :  
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case  
yours ;—

Be now the father, and propose a son :  
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :  
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh  
this well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son :  
And no less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me :  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstain'd sword that you have used to bear ;  
With this remembrance,—that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;  
You shall be as a father to my youth :  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised, wise directions.  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections ;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world ;  
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament :  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
'That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation :  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—  
[To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.] In which you,  
father, shall have foremost hand.

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state :  
And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,  
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of  
Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the  
Page, and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where,  
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of  
my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and  
so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to  
bed.

*Fal.* You have here a goodly dwelling, and a  
rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all,  
beggars all, sir John :—marry, good air. —  
Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses ; he  
is your serving-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very  
good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have  
drunk too much sack at supper.—A good varlet.  
Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah !—quoth-a,—we shall

[*Singing.*]

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
And praise heaven for the merry year ;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there,  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* [*Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*]

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* [*singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall;  
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry, &c.

*Fal.* I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—[*to BARD.*] I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* [*singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence.

*Sil.* [*singing.*]

Fill the cup, and let it come ;  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome : if thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—[*To the Page.*] Welcome, my little tiny thief ; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* You'll crack a quart together. Ha ! will you not, master Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee :—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that : he will not out ; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there. Ho ! who knocks ?

[*Exit DAVY.*]

*Fal.* [*to SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*] Why, now you have done me right.

*Sil.* [*singing.*]

Do me right,  
And dub me knight ;  
Samingo.

Is't not so ?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so ? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court? Let him come in.

*Enter* PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* Sir John! 'Save you, sir.

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* Indeed, I think he be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

*Pist.* Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* [*sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why, then, lament, therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir;—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

*Shal.* Under king Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth;

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—  
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]  
—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

*Where is the life that late I led?* say they;

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*I Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Doll.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

*I Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Doll.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*I Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

*Doll.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Doll.* Goodman death ! goodman bones !

*Host.* Thou anatomy, thou !

*Doll.* Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal !

*I Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

*1 Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

*2 Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

*1 Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation ; dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as he comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* 'Bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—  
[*To SHALLOW.*] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness in affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night ; and

not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance, and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell

Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.*

*Fal.* 'Save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

*Fal.* 'Save thee, my sweet boy!

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits; know you what 'tis you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

*King.* I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth  
gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
Presume not that I am the thing I was:  
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world per-  
ceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;  
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my  
lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how ; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;

Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

*Pist.*

*Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, Page, and Officers.*]

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's :

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for ;

But all are banish'd, till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament,  
my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year  
expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.

Come, will you hence ? *[Exeunt.]*

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## EPILOGUE.

*[Spoken by a Dancer.]*

First, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,

will you command me to use my legs† and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you :—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.













